

DOG WATCH YARNS.

Tales of the Sea Spun by Young and Ancient Mariners.

Hairbreadth 'Scapss by Flood and Field.

No Letters Eligible After 6 P. M. To-Morrow.

The Sea Story Contest will be closed at 6 P. M. of Saturday, Aug. 9. No letters received after that hour will be eligible to compete for the prize.

CONDITIONS. Letters must be addressed to the "Sea Story Contest," The Evening World, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

GOSSIP OF THE GREENROOM.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's Debut Set for Nov. 10.

Nautch Girls Engaged for "Kajanka's" Opening.

At Sea in a Burning Ship.

It was the night of our sixth day out at sea between Cuba and New York that our misadventure befell. About 11 p. m. I was awakened by the cry of "Fire! Fire! All hands on deck!" I dressed myself, and rushing out on the deck I found men, women and children rushing frantically to and fro, while sailors were launching the lifeboats.

I saw at a glance that the fire had got beyond wayward, for nearly half the ship was ablaze. At this time the wind would drive the flames toward the people, and it was dreadful to hear the heartrending cries of those who had fallen and were being trampled to death. The sea was running high at the time and two of the boats were capsized by the heavy swell.

All sides were certain death. At last the boats were lowered and the captain and myself, with a few of the crew, were the only souls aboard.

He ordered the launch to be abandoned. The ship refused, as did the cook. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch and began to sink gradually until the bow only remained above the water.

It was nearly sunset the next day when we were rescued by a passing schooner. So on our way back to New York, the passengers in the lifeboats and who were given up as lost.

In the Tail-End of a Typhoon.

On my fifth voyage to China I left New York the last of December, 1917, as an officer of the clipper ship H—, Capt. L—, bound direct to Shanghai. Nothing unusual occurred until after sighting the island of St. Paul's, Indian Ocean, having made the run to that point the quickest on record.

Shaping our course from there to Sandalwood Island, on the night of Feb. 27, we lay on an oil slick for several days. The sea was so rough that the water's edge, and we were taken off by an Australian packet, but, having a Jonah aboard, we struck a reef in the Southern ocean, and there we lay for nine months, till picked up by a large whaler newly out.

She cruised around for a year or more, when in an attempt to get her night she went to pieces on the extreme southern shore of South America.

All but myself were lost, which was miraculous. When I recovered consciousness I was holding the limbs of an alligator which was biting hard. I tied his feet and wings and looked around. All was wild and desolate. I sat down that I might make my loneliness known. I wrote this, which I tied to the alligator, and trust he will reach some one soon.

For thirty-three years has this pitiful tale been sheltered by that friendly wing.

John Shark's Posthumous Attachment.

While lying in Black River harbor, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did without her remains a secret, but what he did with her was clear enough, for scarcely was her last breath taken when he stuck his teeth in her and began to eat her up with all possible expedition.

Even the sailors who were so sensibly excited by the peculiar mark of posthumous attachment, and to enable him to perform his melancholy duty more easily they offered to be his carrier, lowered a boat and proceeded to chop his letter half in pieces, while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the departed with the greatest delight imaginable.

I make no doubt that all the while he was eating he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly.

She was perfectly consistent, he said to himself. She was excellent through life and really she's extremely good now she's dead.

Collision in a Thunderstorm.

It was in 1874 when we left the port of New Orleans for Hong Kong, our intention being to fetch a cargo of tea.

Our captain being unfortunately taken sick, I was substituted in lieu of him, as I was the first officer of the vessel. For two days everything went on nicely and pleasantly, but in the morning of the third day we were caught by a thunder storm accompanied by lightning and rain. All on board were very much excited, as none of us had ever experienced a storm like this.

Notwithstanding this distress, we collided with another vessel, and our ship was so badly damaged that it sank in about five minutes. Never in my life will I forget in what danger we were. We were too glad to escape with our lives.

Can't Raise Cucumbers at Sea.

In the Summer of 18— two Nova Scotia barks lay side by side at Sorel, Province of Quebec, loading lumber for the River Plate. The captains were intimate friends, and in providing for the long voyage ahead of them one, who had a

SPORTS OF THE ATHLETES.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's Debut Set for Nov. 10.

Nautch Girls Engaged for "Kajanka's" Opening.

At Sea in a Burning Ship.

It was the night of our sixth day out at sea between Cuba and New York that our misadventure befell. About 11 p. m. I was awakened by the cry of "Fire! Fire! All hands on deck!" I dressed myself, and rushing out on the deck I found men, women and children rushing frantically to and fro, while sailors were launching the lifeboats.

I saw at a glance that the fire had got beyond wayward, for nearly half the ship was ablaze. At this time the wind would drive the flames toward the people, and it was dreadful to hear the heartrending cries of those who had fallen and were being trampled to death. The sea was running high at the time and two of the boats were capsized by the heavy swell.

All sides were certain death. At last the boats were lowered and the captain and myself, with a few of the crew, were the only souls aboard.

He ordered the launch to be abandoned. The ship refused, as did the cook. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch and began to sink gradually until the bow only remained above the water.

It was nearly sunset the next day when we were rescued by a passing schooner. So on our way back to New York, the passengers in the lifeboats and who were given up as lost.

In the Tail-End of a Typhoon.

On my fifth voyage to China I left New York the last of December, 1917, as an officer of the clipper ship H—, Capt. L—, bound direct to Shanghai. Nothing unusual occurred until after sighting the island of St. Paul's, Indian Ocean, having made the run to that point the quickest on record.

Shaping our course from there to Sandalwood Island, on the night of Feb. 27, we lay on an oil slick for several days. The sea was so rough that the water's edge, and we were taken off by an Australian packet, but, having a Jonah aboard, we struck a reef in the Southern ocean, and there we lay for nine months, till picked up by a large whaler newly out.

She cruised around for a year or more, when in an attempt to get her night she went to pieces on the extreme southern shore of South America.

All but myself were lost, which was miraculous. When I recovered consciousness I was holding the limbs of an alligator which was biting hard. I tied his feet and wings and looked around. All was wild and desolate. I sat down that I might make my loneliness known. I wrote this, which I tied to the alligator, and trust he will reach some one soon.

For thirty-three years has this pitiful tale been sheltered by that friendly wing.

John Shark's Posthumous Attachment.

While lying in Black River harbor, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did without her remains a secret, but what he did with her was clear enough, for scarcely was her last breath taken when he stuck his teeth in her and began to eat her up with all possible expedition.

Even the sailors who were so sensibly excited by the peculiar mark of posthumous attachment, and to enable him to perform his melancholy duty more easily they offered to be his carrier, lowered a boat and proceeded to chop his letter half in pieces, while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the departed with the greatest delight imaginable.

I make no doubt that all the while he was eating he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly.

She was perfectly consistent, he said to himself. She was excellent through life and really she's extremely good now she's dead.

Collision in a Thunderstorm.

It was in 1874 when we left the port of New Orleans for Hong Kong, our intention being to fetch a cargo of tea.

Our captain being unfortunately taken sick, I was substituted in lieu of him, as I was the first officer of the vessel. For two days everything went on nicely and pleasantly, but in the morning of the third day we were caught by a thunder storm accompanied by lightning and rain. All on board were very much excited, as none of us had ever experienced a storm like this.

Notwithstanding this distress, we collided with another vessel, and our ship was so badly damaged that it sank in about five minutes. Never in my life will I forget in what danger we were. We were too glad to escape with our lives.

Can't Raise Cucumbers at Sea.

In the Summer of 18— two Nova Scotia barks lay side by side at Sorel, Province of Quebec, loading lumber for the River Plate. The captains were intimate friends, and in providing for the long voyage ahead of them one, who had a

THE NEW SWIMMING RECORD MADE BY CHARLES LINSEED.

The State Island Athletic Club has issued its Labor Day programme and, as promised, it is indeed a "corker." No other word adequately expresses it. It will be strictly an invitation affair, the events being open only to members of invited clubs.

The gentlemen's single trials in the lawn-tennis competitions take place Aug. 28 and 29; double trials on Aug. 30; all the finals on Sept. 1.

The junior and senior eight-oared shell races will be a mile straightaway, each man in winning boats to receive a gold medal, and the winning senior club to get the \$1,000 State Island Athletic Club challenge cup.

All the athletic games are scratch and consist of 100, 220, 440 and 880 yard runs, 12-yard hurdle, two-mile steeplechase and two-mile bicycle race, running high jump and throwing 56-pound weight.

The lacrosse game between the famous Druid team and the State Island Athletics is to consist of two half-hour plays, with fifteen minutes intermission. It commences at 1.30. At 4 o'clock sharp the baseball match between the Cape May Athletic Club and State Island Athletic Club begins.

For the pony racing eight prominent hunt clubs have been invited to send entries—namely, the Rockaway, Meadowbrook, New York Jockey, Queen's County, Nassau, Westchester, Dutchess, Putnam, Orange, Dutchess and Westchester.

This race starts at 5.30 sharp. The dress parade and fan show of the State Island Athletic Club will occur at 9.30 on the lawn in front of the grand stand.

The club-house and grounds will be illuminated during the evening with calcium and electric lights and a display of fireworks will be given from the back-house float, commencing at 8.30 p. m.

One of the signs of sure prosperity among the athletic organizations and about this city is the readiness with which they drop members for non-payment of dues. All the clubs have so many applications for membership that they need carry no "dead material" whatever.

The New Jersey Athletic Club has started up upon a new era of prosperity. Brilliantly successful from the start, it is now the intense enthusiasm of the full members is winning great bunches of victories on land and water, and the trophy-room of the Club is brimful of evidences of the prowess of its members.

Aug. 25, 26 and 27 are the dates chosen for the great meeting of the League of American Wheelmen at Niagara Falls. The League has issued a circular giving much desirable information about roads, the Falls and interesting points to visit.

Mike McCarthy and Billy Armstrong are to box for the first time at the State Island Athletic Club. This is to be strictly an "exhibition," not a "match." However, the referee is unable to arrive at a decision by the end of the fifteen round, another fifteen will be ordered.

Pat Cahill, ex-amateur champion middleweight boxer, will fight the second round in full amateur standing, owing to the investigation as to his being a professional resulting in his vindication, says that he never regretted that he was beyond question the best that can be given in their line.

Prince Knekiel may not have a line of royal ancestors, but he is a veritable "Jap" and a prince of jugglers. In works of art or of skill the Japanese are unsurpassed. To see Knekiel on a table that would do for the dining-room of a boarding-house around on his feet as lightly as if it were a piece of cake, keeping perfect time to the lively strains of the Hungarian Band is to see a great feat.

The charm in Prince Knekiel is that his feats are not tricks, but exhibitions of marvellous dexterity. He does everything that he seems to, and does it stunningly well.

Another One-Cent Coffee Stand.

Mrs. J. M. Lamard, who has been so successful as the promoter and supporter of the St. Andrew's one-cent coffee and lunch stands in this city, has established a stand in Brooklyn at the corner of Sands and Fulton streets.

Mrs. Lamard is recognized as a most efficient friend of the poor, and her warm-heartedness has been the cause of thousands of dollars annually in providing for the poor by means of her one-cent families at their homes at the same rates charged at her stand.

The stand is a gently descending porch which crowded about the newly opened stand, and the quality of food at a minimum price is something which is appreciated.

Mrs. Lamard will extend the stand to Brooklyn by means of these lunches as rapidly as she can see the practicality of establishing other stands.

Prize Banner on Exhibition.

The Evening World's prize banner, won by the Johns Baseball Club, is now on exhibition at Grimes Ziegler's store, 883 Tenth street. Mr. Ziegler is an active member of the Club.

English Aristocrats Who Have Found Their Wives in the Concert Halls of London. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

A Reasonable Suggestion.

"Why do they publish so many dialect stories in the magazine?" I asked the editor of the magazine. "I'll tell you the trouble of correcting the spelling."

at peace! You are safe within my sheltering arm."

A sob was the reply, and then the closing of the heavy doors concealed them from the piercing eyes of the watching wife, who stood like a pale statue grasping the iron railing, and struggling to keep down the convulsive convulsions of her inward suffering. Presently the light from the upper window expanded into brighter power, and she could see the two figures reflected on the blinds—her husband, her own Harry, with his arms round the neck of the woman, who seemed to rest her forehead on his shoulder, while he read over to her a document which to the impatient, distracted Caroline seemed like the fiat of eternal doom.

"Will this trial ever end?" she muttered between her clenched teeth. Yes, they are extinguishing the lights! The door opens; the issue forth; her Harry supporting still the female form who leans upon him with assured familiarity; they proceed on, on, followed by the wife; she is close upon them; she hears words of encouragement—words of reason; she hears almost touch them, but they see her not. She follows on. "I'll see the end, although I die at their feet," she murmured. Ah! they turn down a mean street

THE JOKERS' ROUND TABLE.

Merry Jest Passed Around at the Funny Men's Feast.

Not Quick Transit.

Guard on German railway—See here, this is only a half ticket, and you are certainly not yet there.

How It Started.

What started that rumor that English capitalists had bought the Chicago stock yards?

The way of the World.

Miss Updike—Why, I thought Mr. Hoocock was rich and got into society.

An Ingenious Pretext.

A gentleman was looking at a shop window when a pocket-pick slid along and began fumbling in his pocket.

Loss of Appetite.

Principal of Girls' Boarding-School to her butcher—From to-morrow you can send me three pounds of meat less than the usual quantity.

He Discovered Her Age.

Mary Jane—What did you tell Silas Jones when he asked her the other night that she had set apart a calf for me on my first birthday?

A Straddler.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, what a great deal to be said on both sides."

Our Servants.

A friend of mine, on returning home from a journey, said to his valet:

"Oh, Monsieur, I'll tell you how it is. I put on your hat, one day, to make a few calls, and I found it was soiled, but that doesn't matter, it fits me very well."

Treason.

Rockaway Beecher—So, Prince Gwagein isn't coming to Newport after all? Bah, Joe, I've a mind to turn Anglophobe!